

Fire Personified by vanishingbyler

Series: [A Very Byler Christmas \(2017\)](#) [10]

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Future AU, M/M, Set in 1988

Language: English

Characters: Mike Wheeler, Will Byers

Relationships: Will Byers/Mike Wheeler

Status: Completed

Published: 2017-12-11

Updated: 2017-12-11

Packaged: 2022-04-03 05:20:36

Rating: General Audiences

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 630

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

rage:

(reɪdʒ)

noun

1. violent, uncontrollable anger.

Fire Personified

Author's Note:

This one's kinda different, and based off an old headcanon of mine where I consider Mike & Will to be the human versions of fire & ice. More on that next year.

10/12/2017

The fire inside Mike was burning ten times stronger than usual- white hot flames rising up and spilling out through his glaring eyes and clenched fists and potty mouth. He was angry. He was *really* angry.

It was immediately obvious to anyone that had known both him and Will since before Will's disappearance how the events had impacted the younger boy. He was quieter, more withdrawn. He was scared of the smallest thing- jumped at creaky floorboards, cried when the lights blew out, panicked when any of their friends were out sick. That was clear.

Nobody really saw it in Mike, however. They saw his anger, his frustration, his violent tendencies and they labelled him a bad kid. They didn't see it as what it was. They didn't see it as trauma.

Trauma. He felt so guilty even thinking that; what right did he have to be traumatised? What right did he have to consider what happened to him so upsetting that he could act out in the ways he had over the past few years? Will was the one that faced the monsters all alone in that dark, terrifying dimension. He was the one to be possessed, beaten by his family to get him out of that state, forced to act for the evil side against his will. What happened to Mike?

He resented himself. He *resented* himself for feeling so broken by what happened to Will. His troubles came from watching Will suffer through all of that and feeling so powerless to help.

He was anger. He was rage. He was aggravation. He was the raw sensation in your throat as you scream. He was the prickling sensation behind your eyes before you break down. He was the forceful impression left by your nails as you dig them into your skin. He was fire personified. Ablaze with frustration, and there was nothing he could do.

As the seconds ticked by, simultaneously far too quickly and nowhere near fast enough, Mike felt the anger build. He was just moments away from breaking something. He wouldn't put it past himself to throw a chair, smash his window, or tear his fucking hair out.

He couldn't see past the vexation.

He didn't even know what caused it. He didn't know how to fix it.

That was, until the haze of fury was broken by the sound of his door gently opening. He recognised the soft voice calling out his name. The same quiet voice that had dragged him kicking and screaming from the pits of these fits of rage.

Will.

He breathed deep, taking in every one of his senses. The sight of

floppy brown hair, ruffled by the wind. The smell of laundry detergent and log fires that clung to him. The sound of his dulcet tones lulling an air of security into the room. The taste of bitter, salty tears sliding down his cheeks and past his lips. The feeling of Will's soft, cold hands clutching Mike's own like he never wanted to let go.

The pent up anger dissolved, replaced by a gut-wrenching sadness, inescapable pain. And eventually, comfort.

There was nothing like Will to ease him from everything that was wrong. Things were hard. They were painful, and they were scary. Maybe the way things were now wasn't on par with the falls of '83 and '84, but what could be?

Things now hurt like hell, and that was what mattered. It was irrelevant whether or not the situation was as bad as what they'd been through before. All that was relevant was what it made him feel.

And it made him feel, quite frankly, like shit.

But Will made him feel safe. And that was more important and more *powerful* than any anger in the world.